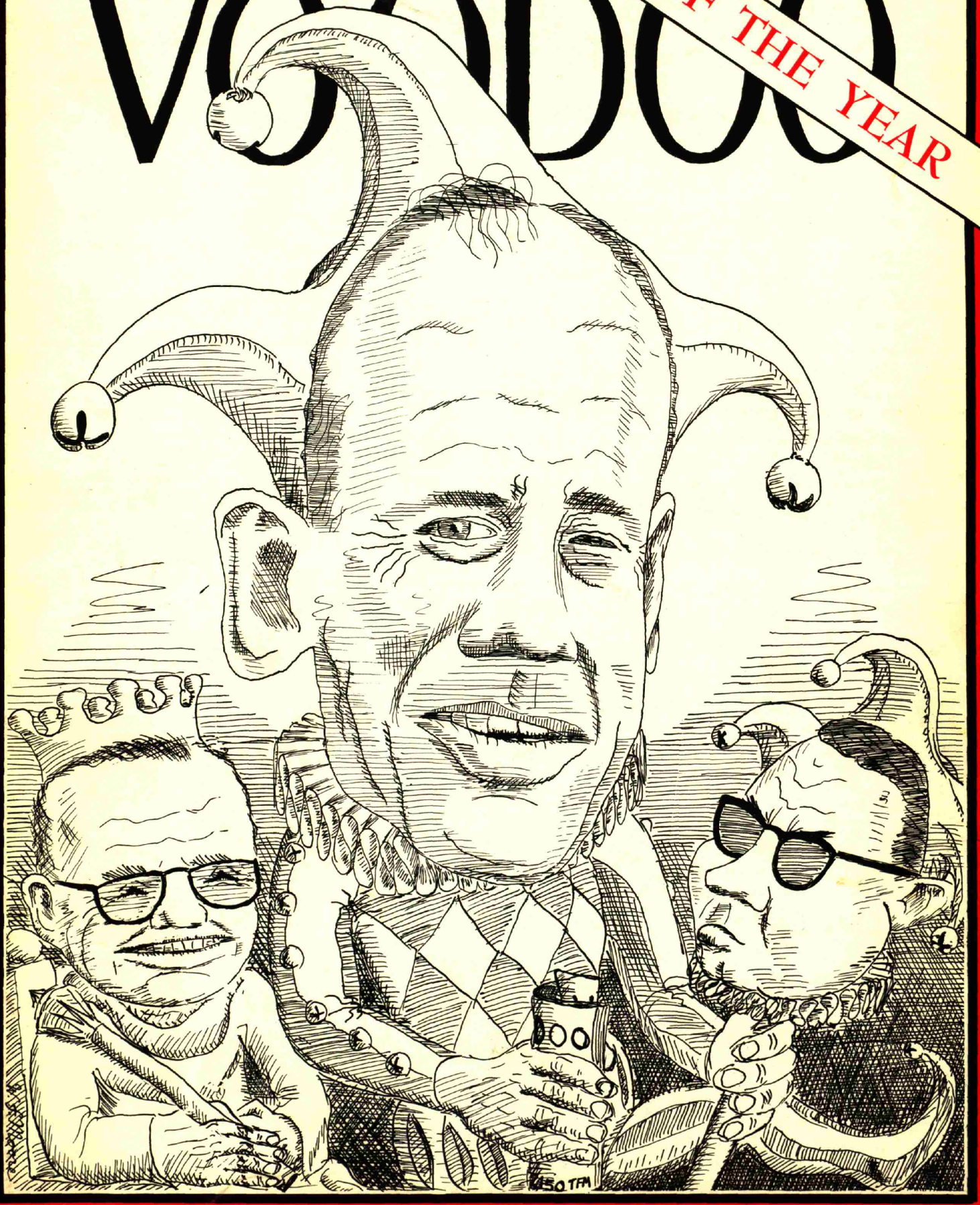
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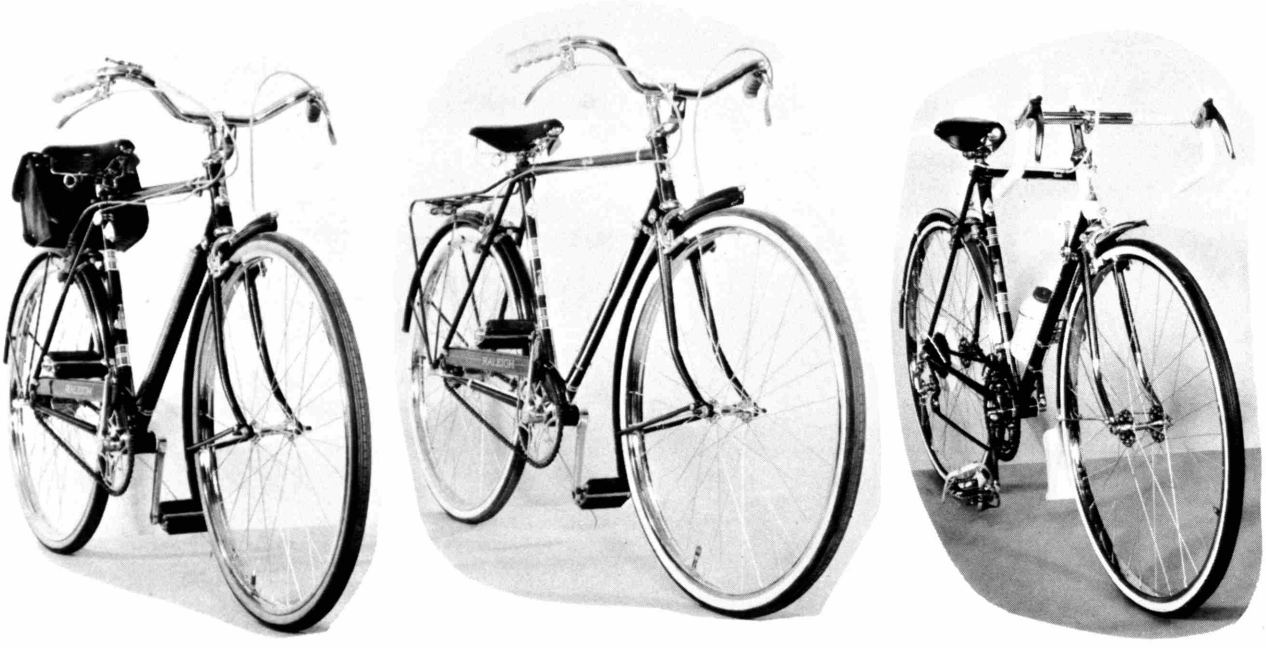
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VOODOO

VOL. 51, NO. 6

IT'S OUR BAG NOW....

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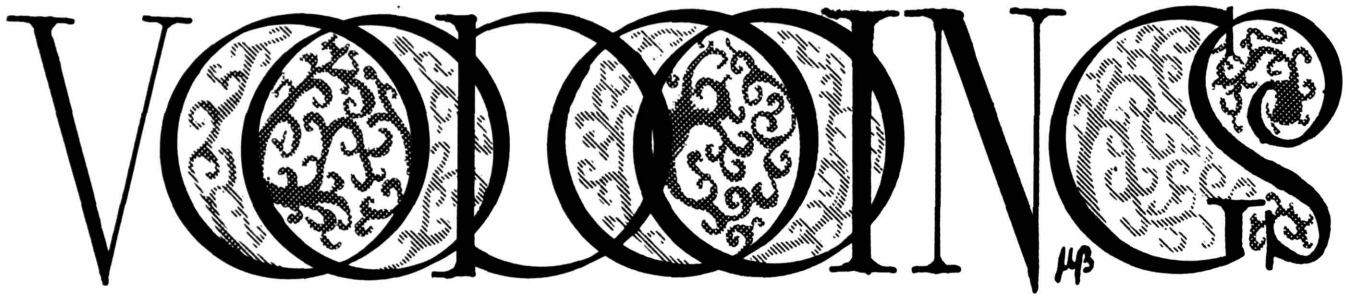
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Voo Doo is published 9 times a year—Oct.—May and in August by the Voo Doo Managing Board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139; entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office, sold for thirty-five cents on campus and elsewhere for forty cents, year subscription three dollars. Volume 51, Number 6, March, 1968. God Bless America.



These pages are dedicated to our fearless leader, selfless, hard-working Dean of Student Affairs, Kenneth Wadleigh. Although in the past we of Voo Doo have dumped on Dean Wadleigh, we hope to make our humble retribution to him with this tribute to his tireless efforts to make MIT a better place to live (if you call this living). On your day, April First, Dean Wadleigh, the VD staff wishes you continued success in making us grovel before your iron-fisted rule.

A poor gent phoned the Tute last week and asked for information. By some fluke he was connected to . . . the McCormick East elevator. The phone rang, a co-ed picked it up with the cheery greeting "elevator", and I think the poor chap blew his mind. I knew you could get most of the campus gossip from Radio Free McCormick, but I didn't know that they'd formalized it.

Speaking of co-eds, many of ours were delighted to see the Wellesley girls. Helpful techman were showing them around, smiling, and being thoroughly charming until spoil sports came up and gasped "But she's a co-ed." See fellow, they're really not that bad.

You may recall that in the last issue a name for a new mineral was suggested. Well, we have it on good authority that in the New York Museum of Natural History, a rock called fornicite actually exists. Sort of makes you think.

By means of addition, the same source told us that he was even more amused by the name of a prominent singing group: the Four King Cousins.

We were wondering if there was something significant about the fact that our editor is signed up for sixty-nine hours.

This month Voo Doo's lit deadline just happened to coincide with the deadline of another well-known MIT publication. What started as a personal brawl between the anonymous publication and a certain common member of both staffs developed into a full-scale war, in which harsh words were exchanged between the chief executive of said publication and a member of the VD Managing Board. Anyway, when VD conciliators (Editor & GM) visited the other publication, the lesser board members were having what was essentially a drunken brawl. When the flamed-up editor-in-chief returned, he threw the VD emissaries out of his office. To the average reader, this probably means nothing, but the clincher comes when the same editor-in-chief who had thrown the entire VD board out of his office comes

in and asks for a Coke. Oh, well, who said activities can't get along with each other, anyhow?

The Comment of the Day during the Wellesley-at-MIT day came from one snowed Wellesley Wench in a 15.05 Management class: "Is it always like this? I mean **math?**"

The gospel is spreading! While we were putting together our journalistic salute to Dean Wadleigh, we were invited into the Inscomm office where the UAP and some of her clique had set up a retirement fund for said dean. So, just keep those nickels and dimes coming in. . .

While visiting the Wellesley campus, a friend of ours in Stone Hall volunteered to show us her room. It just happened to be on the fourth floor. It was really a lovely view. We were however inclined to wonder when, upon leaving, we noticed a door near the elevator. The door was labeled 4-Q. Naturally, our curiosity was unbounded. Upon opening, we discovered a janitor's closet. It is nice to know that some people have the right outlook on life.

"Doctor, doctor," cried the man, upon entering the psychiatrist's office. "You've got to help me. My wife thinks she's a pretzel."
"Bring her in," replied the head-shrinker, "Maybe I can straighten her out."

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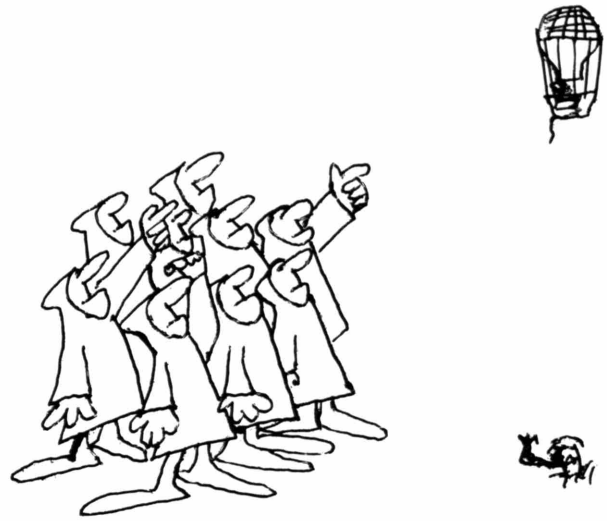
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McNASTY MOVES IN

BEN L. WHOSIS PHOTOS by JOHN RODERICK

Burton House Judicial Committee
Minutes March 2

Indictment: (Mr. James Stage-struck) In that said McNasty did, at approximately 2:13 on the morning of February 20, assault his room-mate T. A. Rajaputna with a four-inch hunting knife when Mr. Rajaputna did not immediately turn off his recording of *Mantovani plays your old favorites: featuring surf city*. Thereupon McNasty attempted to throw Rajaputna from his third story window. At this point he was restrained by several persons and began cursing: "Fagging chink tool" and ripped to shreds his room-mate's autographed photo of Thomas A. Dewey. At this juncture I arrived and under the powers vested in me by the Uniform Judicial Code did charge Mr. McNasty with Deadly Sin 2 of the Uniform Judicial Code: "Disturbance of the general order and study conditions" and Deadly Sin 5: "Misselry" for attempting to throw Mr. Rajaputna out the window.

Search of his room led to the discovery of the following items all proof of violation of the following Deadly Sins:

2 1500 watt spotlights from the roof of building 10
1 system 360 central processing unit
1 set of master keys to the student center
1 hydraulic blackboard pump believed missing from 26-100
37 6.70 kits
2 urinals from 3-310

all violations of Sin 3 tampering

1 Chinese make 122 cm. rocket and launcher
17 coke bottles of gasoline with wicks
146 sodium tipped blow gun darts

all violations of Sin 3 - possession of dangerous materials

1 oxy-acetylene torch

violation of Sin 1 - cooking

23 fire alarm knockers

violation of Sin 6 - improper use of safety equipment

Finally, his dormline was found to be connected by direct line with NORAD headquarters Colorado Springs.

Mr. Thomas A. Crazy-Wop: "He's a self-centered neurotic"

Mr. Shloimie Katz: "He scares me running around all hours of the night with that knife"

Mr. Melville Fagsworthy: "As Master McNasty's hall chairman, I have met with no cooperation in my attempts to interest him in floor activities. In fact, when I tried to induce him to join the floor Mah-Jong team, he hurled a most obscene oath at me and broke my swagger stick over my head."

Mr. McNasty chose to call no witnesses and said nothing in his defense save: "May the fleas of a thousand camels infest the crotch of your first born son."

After consultation it was decided to reccommend the expulsion of Mr. McNasty from the dormitory system. Dean K. Wadleigh approved sentence after finding the institute could not hang students.

From The Files of Kenneth Wadleigh

March 6

Dear Dean Wadleigh,

When you called me about this McNasty guy yesterday you said you wanted a report about everything that happened so here goes.

About ten minutes after I checked in as attendant at the Student Center Library at 3:45 A.M. March 4, four guys came in. I think it was four guys, maybe it was three guys and one girl or maybe two guys and two girls; They all had long hair and smelled. One of them with real shifty eyes asked for the key to a conference room.



So I gave him one, with a pretty view of the Fire-Proof Warehouse and the Armory no less. About five minutes later they went out and didn't even stop to let me check the water pipes they were carrying.

Within two minutes they were back. The shifty-eyed one and the one that might've been a girl were carrying a bed and the other two were carrying a desk. I just Said: "Be sure and check them out later." They ignored me! Then I remembered I hadn't checked their ID's against the list of flagrant book fine offenders. I had even forgot to count them in with my clicker, and for all I know it'll deprive someone of being the lucky millionth guy to enter the library and get his transcript buried in the corner stone of the new chemistry building along with Dean Brown's draft card.

One of them rushed out and came back with some stereo equipment; I stopped him and asked him what they were doing. He answered, "Moving in, idiot." I rejected this, knowing the institute didn't hire idiots, and watched silently as they moved two coop crates, a wardrobe, lights and shelves in. Finally three left. I suddenly realized the cosmic importance of this event. Three left out of four! If three letters out of every four left this would be a world of one letter dirty words and zero letter LBJ's. If three people out of every four left each room in this city, there'd be only ¼ the sin, ¼ the intolerance, and ¼ the evil in all the rooms of Boston. Just imagine.

I returned to my duties. About ten that morning some nurdy little guy came up to the desk and told me there were some wierd noises coming from one of the conference rooms. I went with him and outside the conference room, I could hear some wierd song that went like: "Here comes Captain Doom . . . came like out of the glue, with an aardvark no one slew . . . " The nurdy little guy said that same thing had been going over and over for three hours. Then I remembered the guy with the real shifty eyes. Hey, he was still in there; I knocked on the door. A voice said, "Go away we don't want any." I answered, "Hey, who ya think y'are?" "Rommel, and Field Marshal Goering will be upset if you persist in interrupting the feuhrer Sieg Heil". I had clicked my heels together and my arm was a third of the ways up be fore I realized. Before I left at noon I noticed a sign had been nailed to the door, reading in black letters on an aluminum base: "Oberkommando Der Wehrmacht" - unauthorized personnel will be shot. I turned and left. I checked out and went home.



With love,

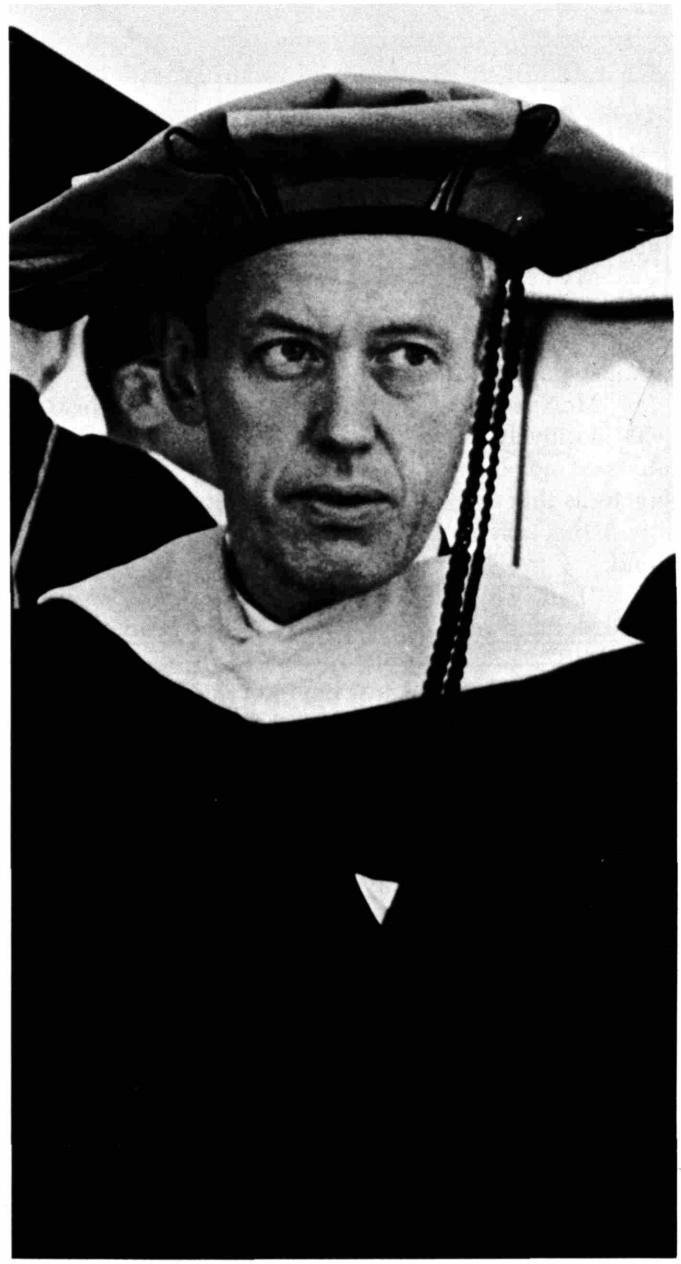
Hans Fotch

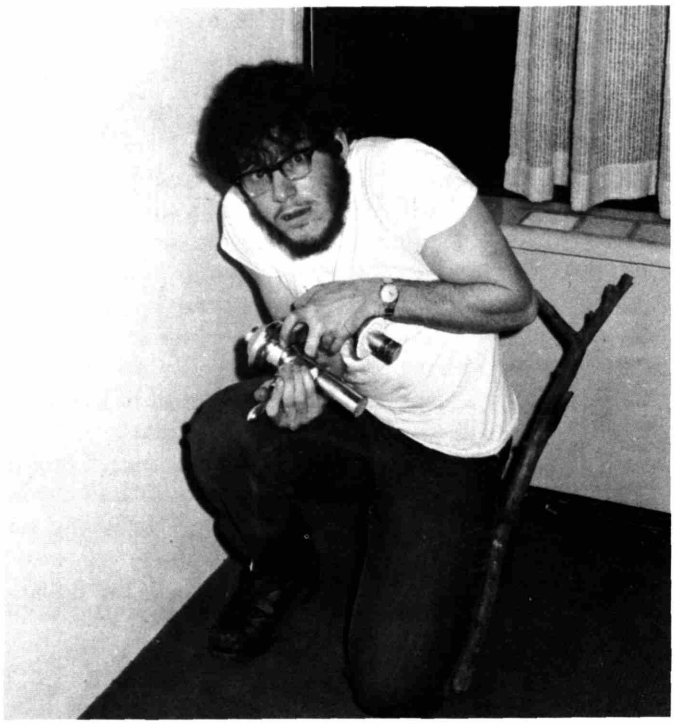
From the Desk of Kenneth "snookums" Wadleigh final report on the McNasty case, March 7.

I was called at three o'clock Monday afternoon by Mr. Miller at the Student Center Library.

Appraised of the situation, I quickly put out the dragnet for my staff of student finks and applied the screws to them. Aside from finding out the murderers in the last 32 Boston gangland slayings and who had written "Hojo shoots speed" on the Klondike Calendar, I learned that the wierdo holed up in the library was Errol McNasty, recently righteously thrown out of the dormitory system, and that he planned to live in the library out of cheapness and sheer perversity.

Putting on my action-storm-tropper togs, I crossed Mass. Ave. on the backs of fifty tools who had thrown themselves down in obeissance. Firmly brushing past the expectantly murmuring crowds, I made my way to the stud center, my silver heels clacking on the polished





marble floors as the hushed masses cleaved way for me. I stepped up to the elevator. It instantly snapped open for me and wisked me to the fifth floor. Dispensing with all ceremony customary when one of my rank enters this humble library, I was soon at the confrence room.

My strong, manly knock split the door and I walked in. McNasty was cringing in the opposite corner. The speakers screamed: "You just can't win . . . against Captain Zoom."

McNasty had shifty eyes and a scummy beard. It was intuitively obvious to the most casual observer that this was not one of our clean-cut, clear-eyed hard working tools that are the promise of the future, but an inferior being, crying out for sure guidance and a firm hand.

"Lad," I said, knowing how he was looking for the leadership of a greyer head, "what seems to be the problem?"

"No problem. I just ain't got no frigging place to stay, so I moved in here."

"Tut lad, calm yourself. I'm sure we can find some place to put you up. Perhaps one of our fine fraternities? I understand you sweat a lot, perhaps SAE might want you."

"Go to hell; I'll stay here."

"Now there's no need to be hostile. So you did get a "D" in 21.97 and you failed 9.00 for the second time running. Maybe you need to see one of our fine psychiatrists?"

"I did already. He told me I was seriously alienated from society and that I should find some way to relieve my excess hostility."

"That's good and did you?"

"Yeah, I beat the shit out of him."

"Now lad, be that as it may, you simply can't stay here. The Institute only wants you out for your own interests. Think of the companionship you'll be missing, the camaraderie, the inability to participate in student government."

"Screw."

"Now let's be calm and reasonable. Wouldn't you be embarrassed if strangers or even other techmen came here and seeing you thought that the good old 'tute had to put people up here or maybe charged too much for students to afford to live in dorms?"

"No, not especially."

"But wouldn't you be embarrassed if people came and saw you and thought your unkempt appearance was typical of techmen, which would reflect badly on all the other beaming lads?"

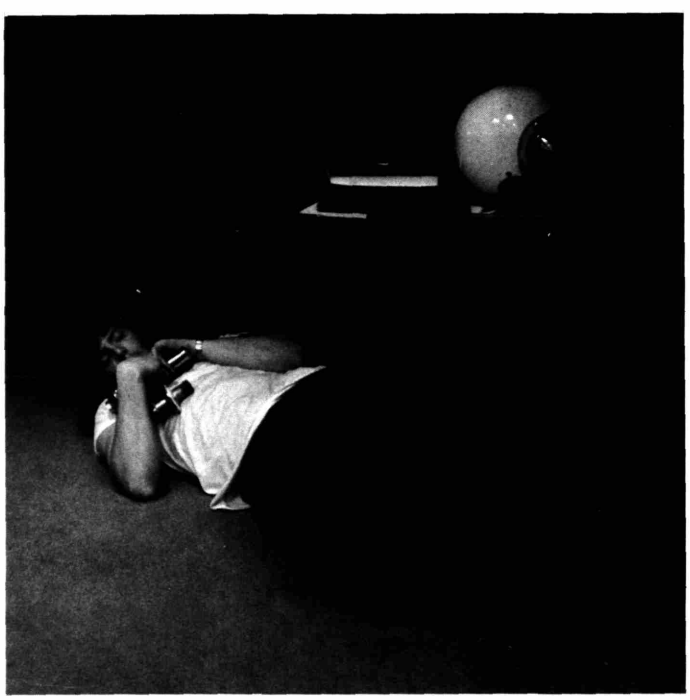
"Nope, why should I care what anybody thinks about all the faggy tools?"

"Now, now, you know how hard the 'tute tries to provide good housing for its men. You don't want anybody to emulate you and try to find cheap housing. Why flocks of them might leave and the sweet old 'tute would have to shell out extra money to keep up underpopulated dorms. We know you wouldn't want all those grungy guys horning in on your turf."

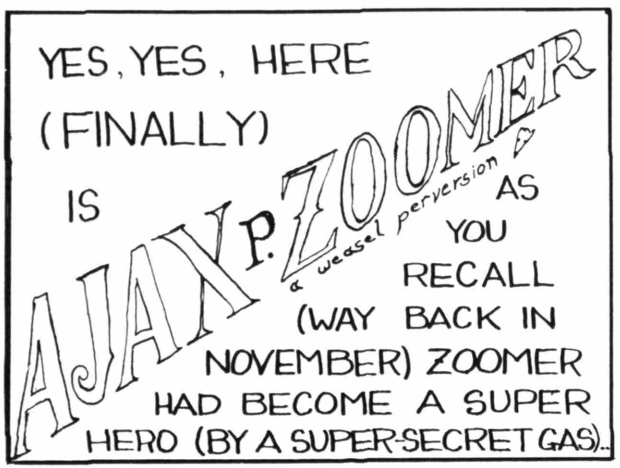
"Sure, Sure."

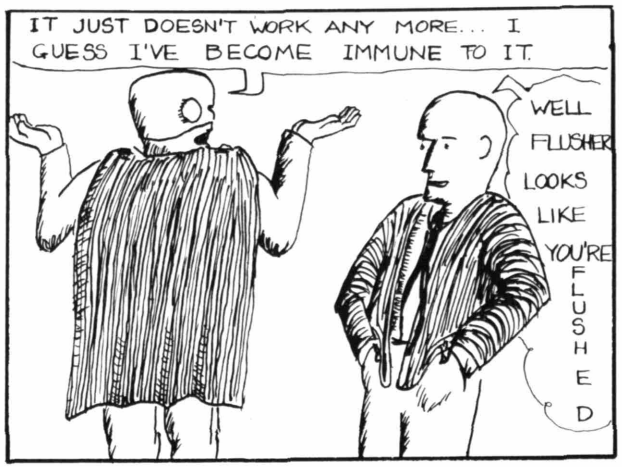
"Actually, we're worried about your health. You won't get nourishing commons here and you won't have that brisk extra 300 yards that you got to walk from Burton House."

"I think I can make that sacrifice."



At this point, I decided enough reasoning is enough and McNasty would derive more benefit from a strong, firm hand. I therefore summoned the campus patrol who bludgeoned him into cooperation and ejected him. McNasty has given us no problems since. He is now living at the Homberg infirmary and has shown no belligerency aside from occasionally trying to slip his legs out of traction.













Dear Editor—
Well, that's the end of Zoomer. You can fill up the remaining panels with pics of the Good Dean or somethin'!

Weasel

I think I'll go have a beer...

DEAN WADLEIGH LOOKS AT EVERYONE

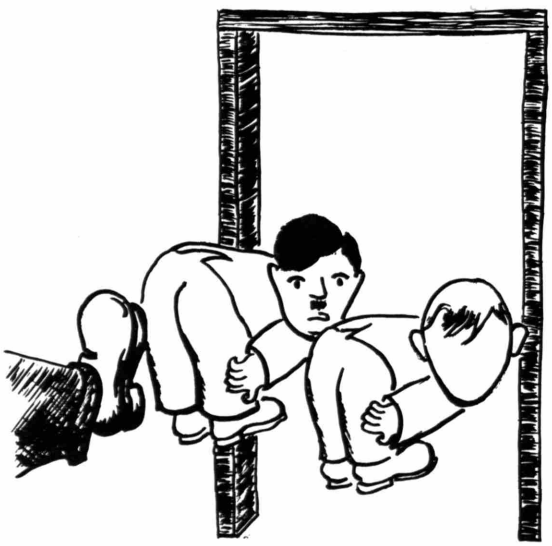


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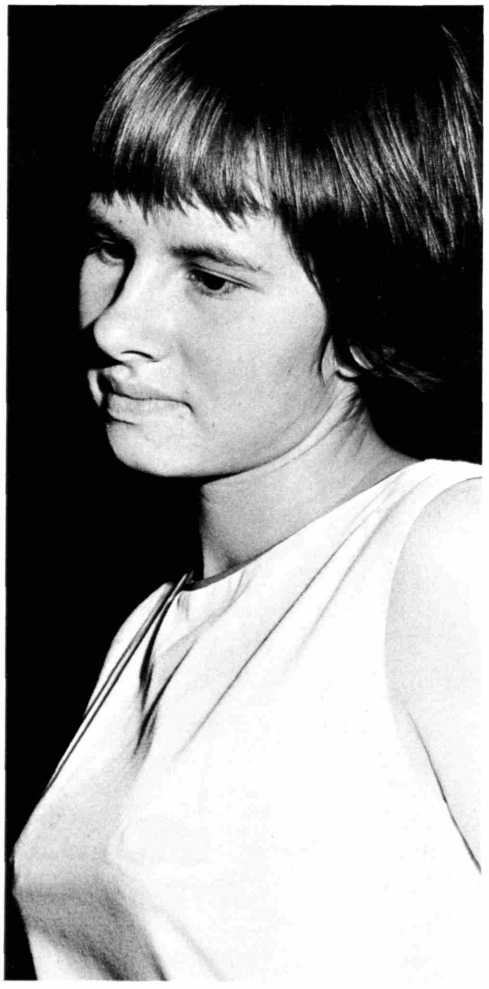
TYPICAL TOOL



HIMSELF

VOODOO'S U. A. P. of the MONTH



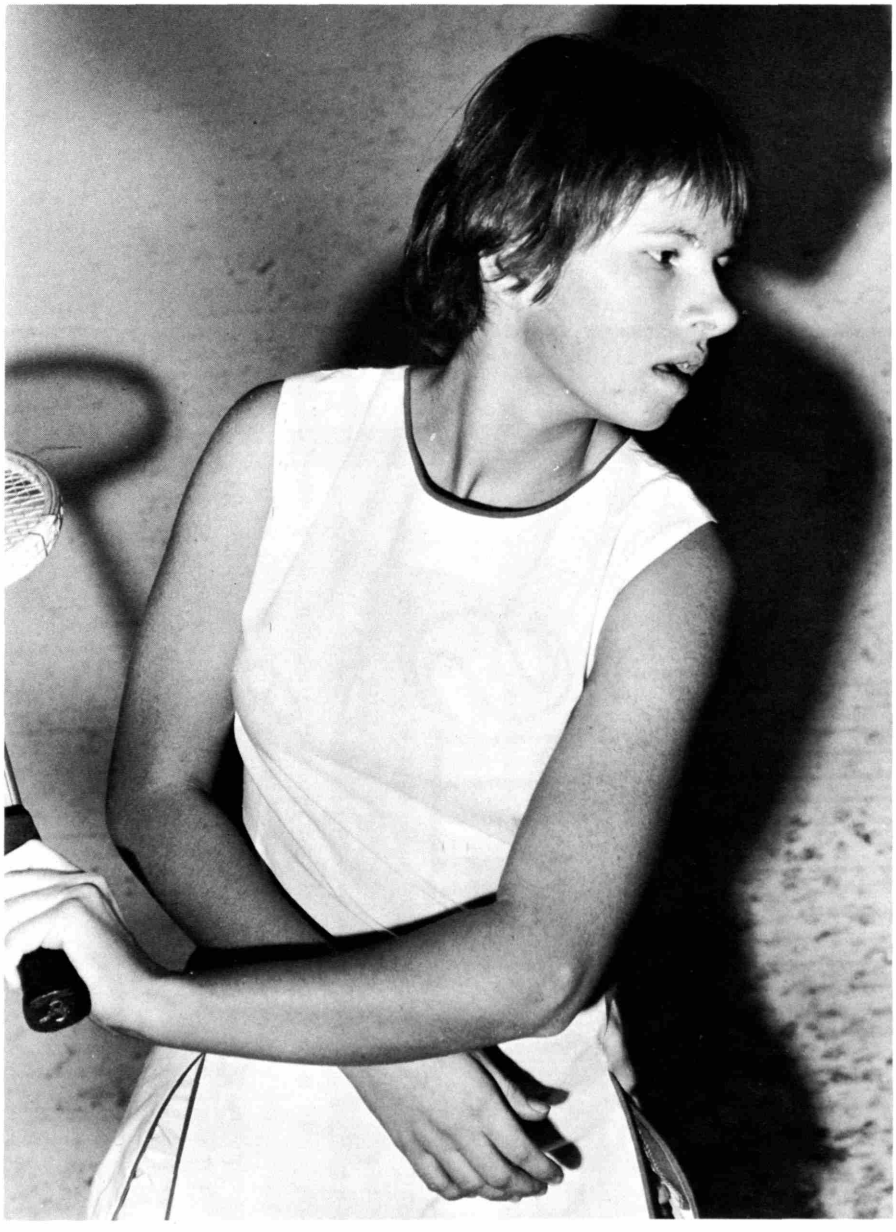


STUDENT GOVERNMENT IS FOR STUDS., ADVOCATES CANDIDATE

A shy, sweet, unassuming coed (the pictures testify to that) found herself rocketed into national headlines by being elected to a rather important position in student government. Will there ever by a lady president? Some doubted, but she just coyly lounged on her platform, walking into the office through a door held open by two gentlemen who, it turns out, trod on each others toes trying to get through ahead of her. The headlines ran thusly:

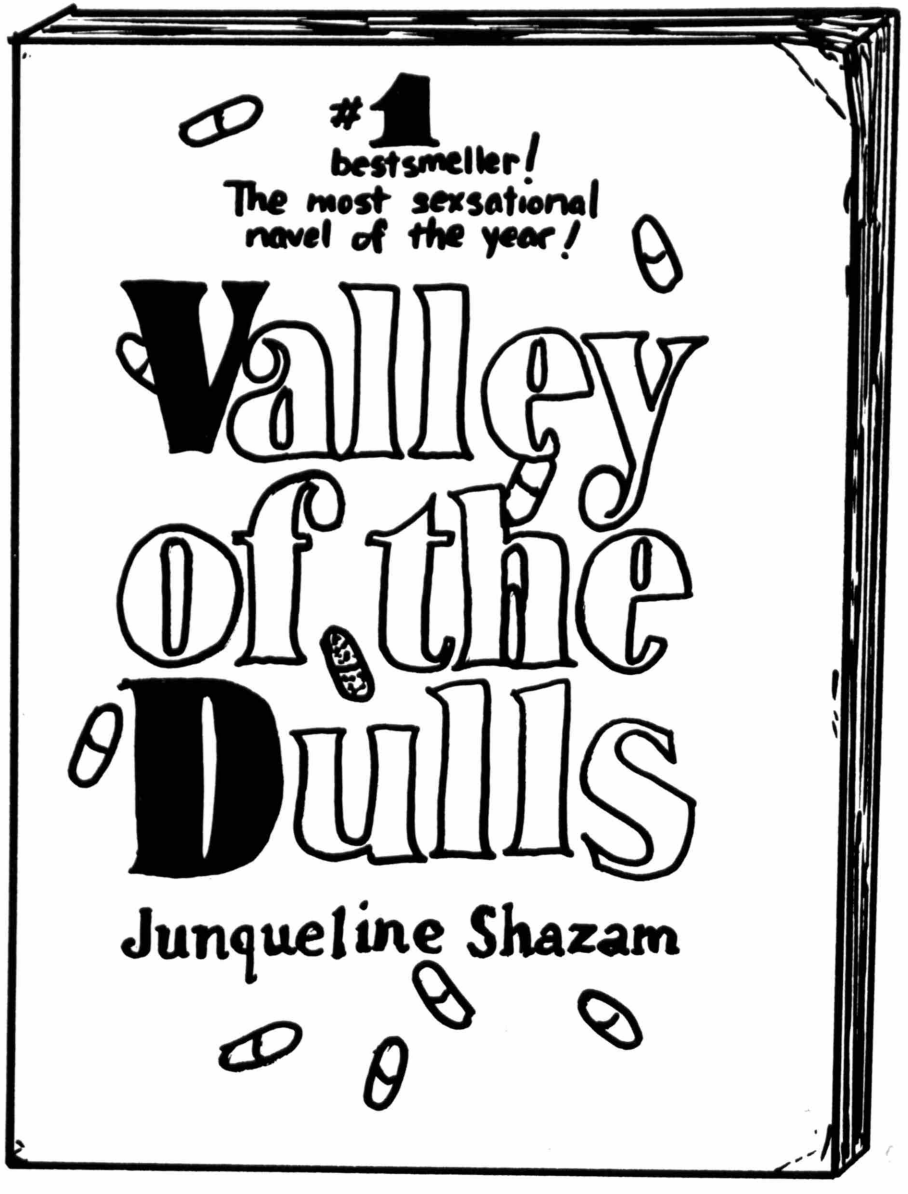


UAP HOPEFUL STATES, MIT OUGHT TO BE MORE FUN!





COED CANDIDATE WANTS PROFESSORS TO USE FRESHER APPROACHES



"How much longer will you be?"
she asked impatiently.

"About an inch," said Lion.

JANUARY 1969

The day that Ann Smelles left Clarenceville, her megaquaint New England home town, there were six inches of snow on the ground. It never entered her mind as she stared aimlessly out the window of the New York-bound train that that number would come up again and again.

Tired of New England! Tired of beans, tired of rain, tired of rotaries, tired of cream pie, tired of covered bridges, tired of beds that George Washington slept in! She lusted for action, the kind of lust and the kind of action that only New York could offer.

* * *

Slowly he began to unbutton her blouse. A quick flick of his nimble, experienced fingers, and the first button was conquered. She stared at the ceiling. Then she stared at him.

He was Lion Smurke. He was the man they had warned her about. They had met only two days before in the office where Ann had taken a job.

"Take a letter, Miss Smelles," belched Henry Boremy, her boss who was in some business or other.

"I'll take an L", responded Ann humorously—just as Lion Smurke strode into the office, back from his latest trip to Brisbane, Utah, where he sold ice to Eskimos or something like that. Ann was stunned. Before Lion, men were mice. Flames lept at her loins. He had two firm jaws fitted effectively into three rising cheek bones. His eyes and ears were on or in his head, and his pearly white teeth were in his mouth. The total effect was devastating.

"How about a date tonight, you luscious bitch," said Lion instead of "Pleased to meet you." He was cool.

"I'll bet you say that to all the girls," retorted Ann cleverly as she tittered.

"No, usually I say, "Hi, baby, how would you like to put a Lion in your tank?"

Henry Boremy interrupted. "You two can talk later. Meanwhile Ann, you've got to take a letter."

Lion stalked out, winking at Ann sexily. She winked back, as she said to Henry, "A letter? I'll take an F."

* * *

Slowly he continued to unbutton her blouse. Thumb deftly met index finger and the second button was conquered. She stared at the walls. She wondered what the hell she was doing in his apartment instead of hers. She missed her nightly conversation with Scaly O'Haira, the teen-age, up-and-coming star of stage and screen who needed one big break.

"I just need one big break," sighed Scaly. "I auditioned this afternoon for a bit part in the new Helen Lawsuit musical, "Hordes of Laughter." I hope I get it. It's small, but it's something."

"Oh, Scaly, you lovely up-and-coming teenage star, I just know you'll get the part, especially if your acne clears up." said Ann gently.

"It's a small part," continued Scaly. "I come on stage dressed as a grapefruit. The star of the show comes over to me and says, 'Get out of here, you little squirt,' and I look him right in the eye and I say, "I've got you under my skin,' and I roll off the stage triumphantly."

"Sounds like the show is a hit," said Ann, providing another in-depth analysis of a complex situation. "Anyhow, I met Lion Smurke yesterday and he knows a lot of people in show business and maybe."

"Oh, even I heard about Lion. If you want a favor out of him, you have to"

"Scaly!" said Ann angrily, and in one motion she grabbed Scaly, threw her down, and twisted Scaly's right arm until she heard a little "crack."

"You busted my arm," said Scaly.

"You needed just one big break." said Ann.

"Why don't you break the other one too so I'll be a natural for a part in Hemingway's new play?" said Scaly.

"You mean, 'A Farewell to Arms?' ", said Ann.

"Yep," said Scaly.

* * *

Slowly he proceeded to unbutton her blouse. She watched out of the corner of her eye as he smoothly slipped the third button through its hole and gave it its freedom. What a blouse-unbuttoner he is, she thought. Her breath came in short pants as oxygen was converted rapidly to molecules of carbon dioxide. Flames lept at her loins.

"We shouldn't be doing this," said Ann, seeking reassurance.

"Who the hell asked for your opinion?", Lion roared. He was cool.

But Ann was despondent about her "fiance", Alan Craper, the rich millionaire who wanted to marry her. He was a sheep compared to Lion but he wasn't pulling the wool over *her* thighs.

"It's all arranged," announced Alan triumphantly. "The flowers, the booze, the guest list, the rabbi."

"Alan, I can't marry you. It's too early in the book. Besides, I heave my guts up every time you kiss me."

"We'll honeymoon in Acapulco, we'll pulcomoon in Acahoney."

"Alan, whenever I think of you, I think of blueberry chow mein parmigiana, and I heave my. . . ."

"My darling Ann, we'll build a home together in Scarsdale; we'll raise our children to be strong and healthy and wise; we'll teach them the American way; we'll rip hordes of that goddam crabgrass out of our extensive lawn. . . ."

"Alan, whenever I pause to reflect on the thought of spending one second in the same room with you, I find the idea so repulsive that I heave my. . . ."

"Ann, I think you're trying to tell me something." Alan shrugged. "I guess this is goodbye." He walked slowly out the door, taking with him the sack of diamonds, the chinchilla bedspread, and the year's supply of $20 gold pieces.

"Whew," breathed Ann. "I thought he'd never heave."

* * *

Ann could sense the blouse-unbuttoning drawing to its natural conclusion. She pretended not to notice Lion's buttonhole activity, figuring that men like to think women don't notice it when their blouses are being unbuttoned, or when palms are moving up their thighs. She realized she had just a few more brief moments for meditation before it would be necessary to leap into action.

She thought of Helen Lawsuit who took red pills because she hadn't had a man in 61 years. She thought of Jennifer Northbynorthwest who took green pills because her breasts drooped. She thought of Miss Moneypenny who took blue pills because she was in the wrong book. She though of Scaly O'Haira who took chartreuse pills because Preparation H had done nothing to clear up her acne. She even thought of that enticing little bottle of Little Liver pills in her own medicine chest which would restore her to her normal regularity, whatever that is.

Lion was becoming steadily more passionate as Ann's blouse was now completely unbuttoned. Ann grinned a little in the dark, realizing she would have to break the news to him very shortly.

"Darling, you've unbuttoned the wrong blouse. That was the one I ironed to wear tomorrow."

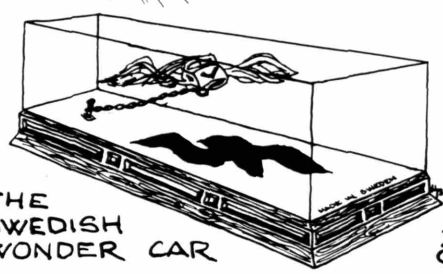
"You've pulled a fast one," moaned Lion, his emotions overtaking him. Ann realized she might have to do the same thing.

"Lion, look, I've unbuttoned my own blouse for you. How's that?"

Flames lept at his loins. "Great balls of fire," said Lion. He was cool.

Junqueline Shazam, author of "Valley of the Dulls", in real life is a housewife who made a million dollars just by writing this trashy novel about show people who take pills. Her next book, "Valley of deGaulles" promises to be more of the same, but set in Paris. She lives in Teaneck, N. J. with her husband Arthur, and their three daughters, Spot, Demetrius and Hubert.

C. Deber

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Public Disinterest Department A Covitt creation

Dead horses have been coming into increasing popularity in recent weeks. It is only proper, therefore, that VooDoo be the first to instruct its readers in the many uses for this accepted commodity. So don't bother reading the rest of this introduction, dummy, just read the article cleverly entitled: "HEY, MISTER, WHY IS YOUR HORSE DEAD?", THIRTY FOUR AND ONE HALF USES FOR A DEAD HORSE--

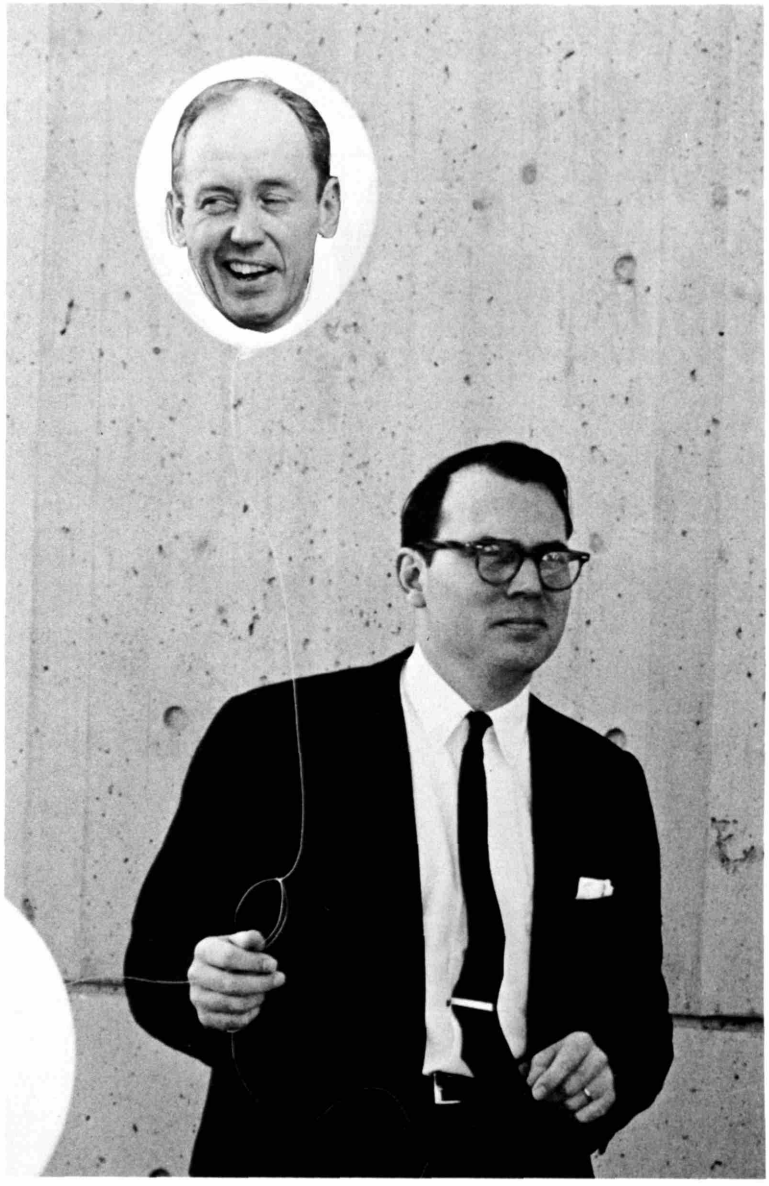
1. Make a hamburger out of it.
2. Give it to your girlfriend instead of a pin.
3. Give it to your parents for their anniversary.
4. Beat it.
5. Hand it in as a problem set.
6. Get another one and have a set of bookends.
7. Put it in the Lobby of Bldg. 7 with a sign "OUT OF ORDER".
8. Make it Dean of Student Affairs.
9. Run it for UAP.
10. Register it as a co-ed.
11. Get it a blind date with your roommate.
12. Cross it with a large gorilla and get:
 (DEAD HORSE) $\hat{X}$ (KING KONG) SINΘ
13. Put it on a blackboard and write, "SAVE."
14. Give it to Charlie-the-Tech Tailor and tell him you want it by next Tuesday.
15. Trade it in on a dead camel.
16. Paint it purple and call it a grape.
17. Put a cone on its head and sell it as a dead unicorn.
18. Use it for a large jock strap.
19. Put a harmonica in its mouth and ship it to Ted Mack.
20. Kick the sh*t out of it.
21. Put the sh*t back in.
22. Use it as a pillow; when rigor mortis sets in use it for a coffee table.
23. Slit its neck and make it Kosher.
24. Turn it into a weather vane.
25. Add two doors and make it a convertible.
26. Skin it.
27. Gouge out its eyeballs and use it for a candleholder.
28. Play a tune on its bones.
29. Teach it to roll over and play dead.
30. Blow its nose.
31. Salvage the gold from its teeth.
32. Tickle its armpits.
33. Fondle it.
34. Try mailing it without a zip code.

34½ Give it to VooDoo and have it printed.



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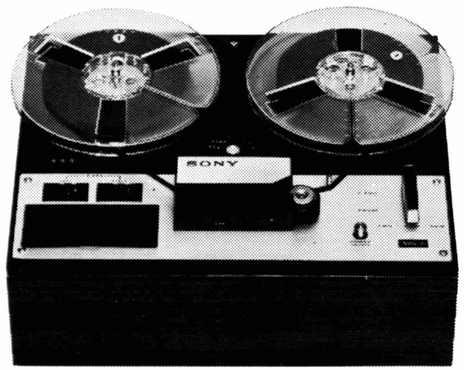
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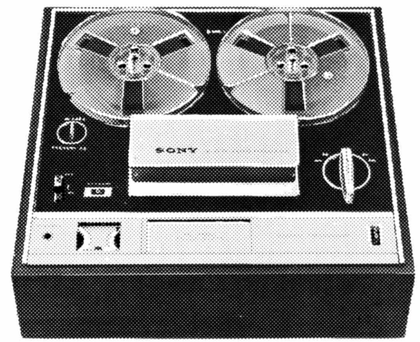
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REMEMBER all the fun you had as kids playing with Cut-Outs? NO? Well, get ready to learn, 'cause here's VOODOO's version:

CUT-OUT KEN

—With apologies to the good Deans Kenneth Wadleigh and Jay Hammerness.—

(A JUREWICZ Production)

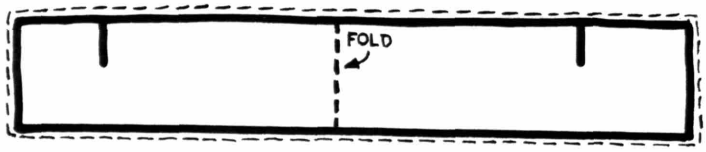
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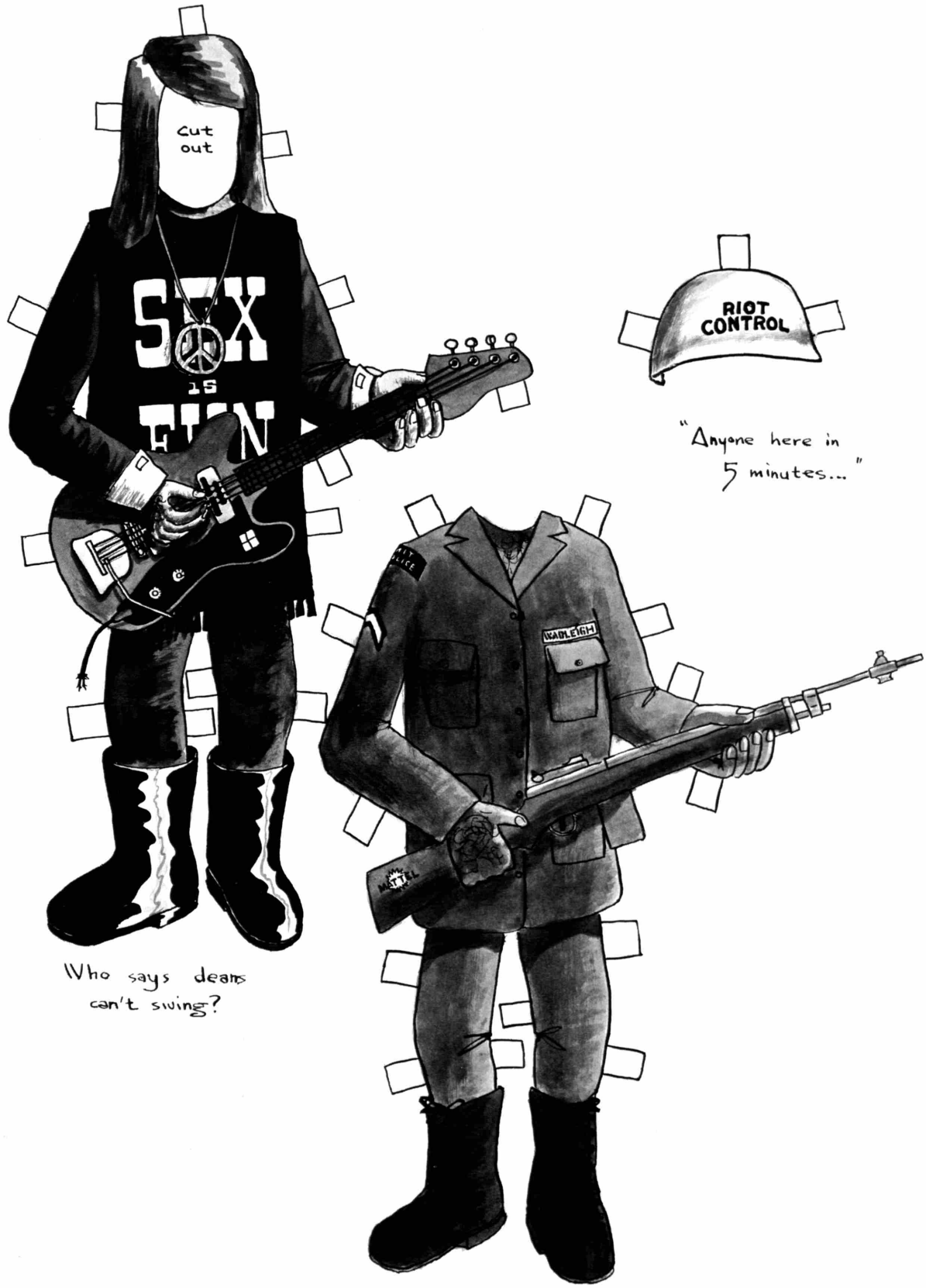


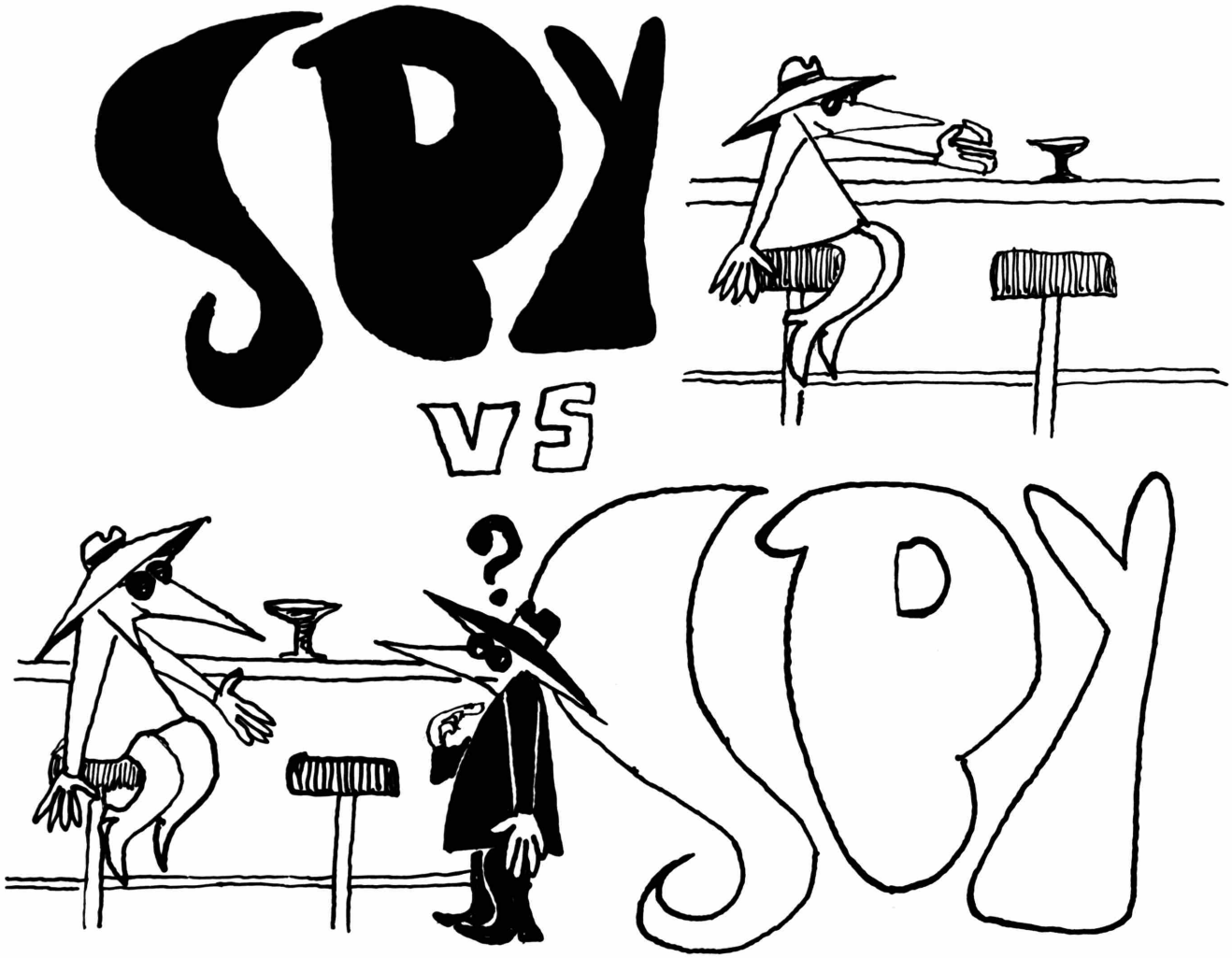


Cut out your Kenny doll and the stand and paste them on cardboard. Then cut out all the clothes and put them on the doll by folding the tabs around the back of the doll.

MORE




Cut out
SEX
IS
RIOT CONTROL
"Anyone here in 5 minutes..."
RALEIGH
Who says dreams can't swing?



In a little room buried deep beneath the upper structure of the Kremlin, he sat in the luxurious leather chair as his superior opposite him explained the details of his mission. Igor Fafoofnik, premier agent of the NKVD: the very same Fafoofnik who had infiltrated Israeli intelligence to assure an Arab victory, the one who had gone to East Berlin and closed off the escape tunnels, yes, despite this outstanding record, the Soviets knew that Fafootnik was the only man they had who was capable of carrying out their insidious scheme. The plan was to steal the American strategic plans for Vietnam from the Pentagon.

However, let us not think that American intelligence, the marvelously efficient CIA, was sleeping. No, sir, they were up 24 hours a day. Most of the time they were up worrying about what happened to the money from the executive World Series pool, which had mysteriously disappeared from the Top Secret safe. But occasionally they gave a thought to the idea that the Russians might want to know American plans for Vietnam in advance. So they chuckled when they remembered that we have no plans whatsoever. All decisions come from the Delphic Oracle.

At least, this was the impression given to all but the highest echelon of the agency. They knew that a set of plans existed and were hidden, not in the Pentagon, but in the back room of a Washington bar which the agency shared with a bookie syndicate. So, when the CIA saw famed Russian agent Igor Fafoofnik land at the airport and ask for directions to the Pentagon, they figured he was on to something.

All this led Z., the American security chief, to call for his best man, Quentin Grimshaw. Grimshaw was widely respected for planning the invasion of the Bay of Pigs. He was widely respected because he decided not to go.

"Grimshaw," said Z. gravely, "the United States is in mortal danger."

"You mean that ass Sihanouk is threatening to blow us all off the face of the map again?"

"No, worse, Fafoofnik's in town. He must be after the master plan."

"What master plan?"

"You know, the Vietnam thing."

"Oh, that garbage. Do you really think Fafoofnik is interested in stealing a plan in which we pledge to support the French all the way and advocate a "Custer's Last Stand" at Dien Bien Phu?"

"Look, all I know is what the President tells me. Anyway, you've got to stop Fafoofnik. He's on his way over to the Pentagon right now. I got the call right here." He motioned to the psychedelic-colored alert telephone, known as the Spy Line. "I want you to race over there in your souped-up

Checker Cab, and head him off."

"Okay, I'll go, but you'll have to find a replacement for me in the poker game," conceded Grimshaw, and he tore out of the room and off to the Pentagon.

When he arrived, he realized that finding Fafoofnik was to be no mean task in this, the world's largest office building. So he decided to check the most logical place first: the information desk. Noticing the receptionist's finely rounded, protruding ears, he asked if she had seen the notorious Russian spy, Igor Fafoofnik, around.

"Why, yes," she replied sweetly. "He asked where the Vietnam plans were, but you needn't worry, because I sent him right over there myself."

"Nincompoop!" exclaimed Grimshaw. But, getting back to business, he asked, "How long ago was this?"

"About half an hour."

"Thanks," And off he went, to the out-of-the-way bar where the government kept its most prized secret.

Entering the bar, Grimshaw spotted his quarry immediately. It might have had something to do with the fact that Igor was wearing an iridescent red sport coat with the madras shorts and hip boots, but we'll credit it to his natural observational ability. Anyway, a series of decisions now faced Quentin. Should he seize the Russian immediately, or wait till he made his move? Or should he try to make a deal with him? After all, his civil service pay of $35 a month was not a hell of a lot, and he had heard a lot about the affluence behind the Iron Curtain. Could Fafoofnik afford to dress the way he did and not be ashamed if he weren't loaded? Russian spies were being paid an astonishing 30,000 rubles an hour as of the latest contract (little did he realize that 60,000 rubles equals 1 dollar (plus tax; slightly higher west of the Rockies) in American money). Grimshaw was faced with a split-second decision. And, in his usual fashion, he chose to put it off and buy a drink.

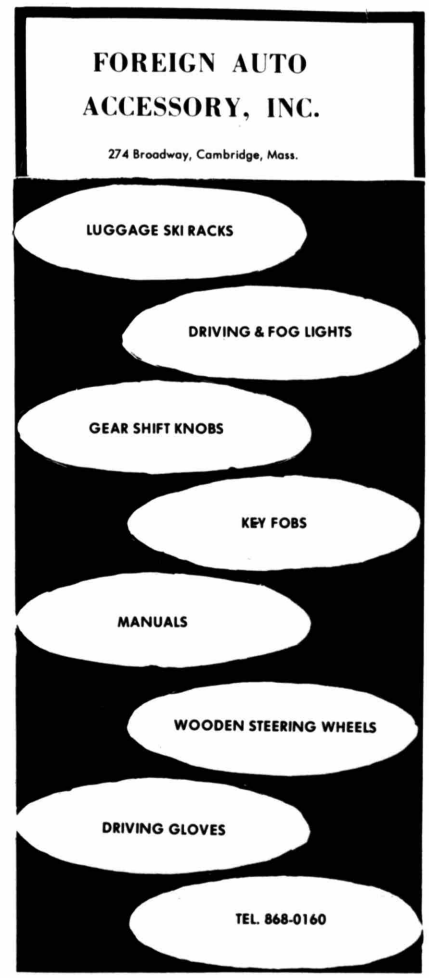
Seven Manhattans later, Grimshaw decided to finish off Fafoofnik at once. He picked up a chair and began swinging it at his foe, screaming, "I'll get you, Fafoofnik!" When the melee was over, Grimshaw had knocked out 4 Congressmen and a cabinet member before he was subdued. Unfortunately, Fafoofnik, sensing danger, slipped out of the bar, and went to Grimshaw's home to do away with his American rival.

Now, probably, you all think that Grimshaw was carried home drunk, Fafoofnik killed him and stole the American plans, and that the Red Army is now marching on its way to Boston. Fortunately, that's not what happened. On the way to Grimshaw's place, Fafoofnik was hit head-on by a Massachusetts driver and died at the scene of the accident. Quentin knew nothing of his death until he read it in the paper the next morning. And he rolled over and went back to sleep, content in the knowledge that he had once again played his small role in defending the free world.

By Rich Rosen







FROM THE CATHOUSE



AN EDITORIAL, BY WEASEL, WHO ISN'T ONE

During my first weeks here in the beloved halls of MIT, I spent the vast majority of my spare time just trying to learn the peculiar vernacular of this peculiar place. I quickly picked up such gems as "Tool" (tool) (tul): v.i., study; n., one who studies much, as in *Super* Tool, "Wedge" (wedge) (wej), v.t., screw) and "Hack" (hack) (hak), v.i., waste time, n., (1. one who wastes time, 2. a practical joke).

After learning the last meaning of that last word, I waited in eager anticipation for some "hacks" to occur. Surely at a school crowded with active brains and idle hands would be over-run with hacks. When was the Stud Center going to disappear? When was the Men's room in Building Seven going to explode? Why was the Great Sail still there? When were UFO's going to appear over Boston in tight formations?

But as youth is wont to be, I was sorely disappointed. Week after week went by and the Charles stayed within its banks, the MBTA still ran (though not very well), and the Pillars of the 'Tute still stood firm.

It seems that, no, MIT is not a *real* hackers school. Yes, the VooDoo publicity Staff does do away with a few people on occasion. Yes, Baker House did manage to fool most of the population of the United States. But, on the whole, there just aren't that many hacks happening in or about our beloved halls. I mean, sure, like some poor clod gets his room flooded with Jello, or the residents, of Conner Fourth may throw their hall chairman out the window, but there just aren't that many *really* good hacks.

This is not just a personal bag, either. The inimitable Jerry Lettvin, star of stage, screen, and neurophygiven to an exclusive group of randoms (that's another word I learned) random (random): n., a random person over a year, said, "Where are the hacks of yesteryear? What happened to the good old days when people like Dean Wadleigh (only he wasn't dean, he was just an undergraduate) welded a trolley car to the tracks (with a thermite bomb. Incidentally)?"

I mean, like, beside (shudder!) CalTech, our Hack performance fades into insigificance- Re-printing display card cheering section directions (I hope you know what I'm talking about) so that the Washington bleachers spell out "CALTECH" during the Rose Bowl, or putting strange lights in the sky to cause a UFO scare, those rascally little beggars are always in the news. Well, at least more often than *we* are.

As a case in point, I point to a contest recently run by yours truly, *VooDoo* Magazine. We offered a really swell prize to anyone who would bring us the best hack. Well, gang, the response was so overwhelming, we're ashamed to speak of it. We didn't even get any response from the Dean's Office! (One hack was entered: a fake flyer was put out announcing the contest was called off hmmm I wonder if people actually believed that . . . ?)

So gang, let's quit wasting our time, let's get off our duffs, and lets get out and HACK!! Bring back the good old days when Boston cowered in terror before the onslaught of hey! what in heck are you guys doing with that rope? What are you . . . Don't, NO Help! HELP don't pull me away from the type wr

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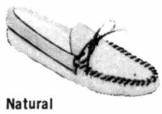
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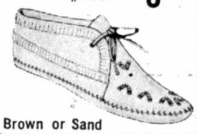


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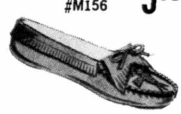
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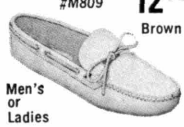
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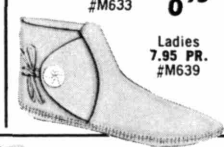
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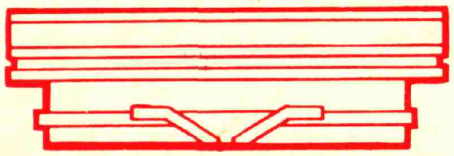
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